

## FOURTH OF JULY

## —FIXINGS—

## Ladies' White Lawn Suits

\$2 50	Worth \$4 00
3 50	" 5 00
5 00	" 7 50
7 50	" 10 00

The Reduction Seemingly Large.

## THE REASON.

It don't pay to carry goods. Special discount sale on parasols. The best stock in the city to select from, at

Wm. Curran's,

119 &amp; 121 OHIO STREET.

## WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA, MO.

TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1882.

## DANIEL DAVIS

Sold Property Which Did not Belong to Himself and Was Arrested.

Yesterday morning, a young farmer by the name of Dan Davis, about twenty-two years of age, was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Mr. Frank Houston, and lodged in the calaboose.

A BAZOO reporter visited Davis and had a talk with him about the matter. Davis acknowledged that

## HE WAS GUILTY

of what Houston had charged him with and said he had been expecting arrest for some time. From his statement of the matter, the following facts were learned:

Mr. Houston was agent for a farm about five miles from Sedalia, which he

## RENTED TO DAVIS.

Davis seemed to be a straight-forward, hard-working young man, and Mr. Houston favored him as much as was practicable. Davis was in need of a horse and bought one from Mr. Ed. Stevens, of this city; but he did not have money enough, by \$35, to pay for the horse and applied to Mr. Houston for the loan of the amount. Mr. Houston furnished the money and secured himself by

## TAKING A MORTGAGE

on the animal for the amount. Davis afterwards traded the horse to Mr. John Bellmer, of this city, for another horse. The horse which he got in exchange ran away and could not be found. Davis gave the animal up for lost and sold the chance of recovering it to Mr. Bellmer, for \$20. He afterwards found himself in very

STRAIGHTENED CIRCUMSTANCES, and knowing he could not meet the mortgage when it should become due, determined to run away. But before he ran away he had a portion of the rent corn belonging to Mr. Houston and sold the balance to obtain money to aid him in getting out of the state. Thus he not only intended not to meet the mortgage, but

SOLD HIS RENTER'S CORN.

Davis could not remember how much money he received for the corn sold. He left this county some time in the fall. After remaining away about two years he concluded that he would come back to Pettis county. He

RETURNED IN FEBRUARY and went to work, by the day, on the farm of Mr. J. N. Murray, on Flat creek, about two miles from town. He has been there ever since, keeping himself low until this morning. Mr. Houston learned he was in town and had Officer Kelly arrest him.

Davis has a wife and one child. His present employer, Mr. Murray, gives him a

## GOOD CHARACTER.

He says he works hard, and is sober and kind to his family and neighbors; that he has always acted uprightly, as far as he knows, except in this one instance.

There was something said to Davis about bailing him out of jail, but he replied that he did not wish to

## IMPOSE ON THE GENEROSITY

of any one in that respect; but he will probably think better of the matter.

He seemed much agitated, and seemed to think that his arrest was but justice.

Steps will be taken to bail him out, notwithstanding his wish to the contrary.

## THE WHOLE

SECRET OF THE AFFAIR

seems to be that Davis, when he found himself not able to meet the mortgage, began getting scared, sold the horse to get money to aid him in going away without thinking of how serious a thing, in the eyes of the law, he was doing.

He is ignorant, and ought to be dealt with leniently on that account.

Davis' bail was fixed afterwards at \$100. He went on his own bond. He agrees to pay so much of his wages per month until his indebtedness is canceled.

The arrest was, to say the least, a farce simply to scare Davis into paying what he owed. He was guilty of a criminal offense, but no notice will be taken of this, provided he discharges the debt as rapidly as possible.

—A horse ran away with a delivery wagon, late Friday evening, on Main street. The horse grew fastidious, and concluded the sidewalk was the place for him to travel. He mounted the sidewalk, wagon and all, and came very near going into a store. The runaway outfit got tangled up with a carriage containing ladies and children, and came very near causing another runaway. The delivery wagon was wrecked. The outfit belonged to Mr. Heaton, the carriage merchant.

## ST. JOHN'S DAY.

## A Masonic Re-union at the Park Last Night.

About two hundred and fifty persons, masons and their families, convened at the park last night, at the invitation of Sedalia lodge A. F. & A. M., No. 236, for social purposes. It was an impromptu affair, gotten up by a few zealous brethren and consisted of music, recitations, speeches, etc.

Misses Annie Devlin and Annie Richardson opened the entertainment with an instrumental duet, after which B. H. Ingram stated the object of the entertainment, when Rev. G. A. Beattie was invited to offer prayer.

After prayer Miss Ella Beck performed a solo on the piano in a manner which reflected credit upon her as an artist and brought forth liberal applause.

Master Sol. Wolf gave the audience a humorous recitation, which was well done. The youth was loudly applauded.

Miss Lena Gallie well rendered a vocal solo, with Miss Hattie Jaynes at the piano. This was one of the best of the evening's entertainment.

Dr. Jackson, of the Ohio street Methodist church, gave a brief history of Free Masonry, tracing it from antiquity to the present time. His remarks were well said, and made every Mason who heard his kind words feel better.

Fuma Crandall, a charming miss in her teens, gave the audience a piano solo remarkably well rendered, and enthusiastically received by the audience.

"Tom's Little Star," a delightful recitation, by Nellie Ingram, a miss of tender years, who exhibited talent of a superior order as an elocutionist. Uprarious applause followed her to her seat.

The violin solo by Willie V. Jaynes was indescribably excellent. The young gentleman is certainly a master of the musical instrument which has delighted so many audiences, from Arkansas to Pisgah, Cooper county.

W. M. Williams, of Booneville, made a short address, touching upon the history of the order, and detailing some statistics of the fraternity at home. He paid Free Masonry a compliment second to no organization, which, to-day stands as a monument to its fidelity to one common brotherhood. The speaker paid a high tribute to Sedalia's enterprise, and urged the Masons to be as enterprising and ambitious in their fraternal relations as they are in the usual avocations of life. The address was a model of propriety, and full of the soundest kind of practical masonry.

A piano solo by Miss Hattie Jaynes and a recitation by Miss Lena Gallie closed the entertainment in the hall.

Refreshments, consisting of berries, cream and a variety of cakes and manufactured goodies, were served as only the prince of caterers, Sachers, can set before guests.

The entertainment was a success, and reflected credit upon those who were its promoters.

## COLORED CELEBRATION.

—The colored lodges, Hawkins, No. 44, and Centennial, No. 59, celebrated St. John's day at Smith's hall, last night.

—The following officers were installed: For lodge No. 44, Caleb Bledsoe, W. M.; Green Doolin, S. W.; Green Hickland, J. W.; Will Ruby, Sec'y; Wesley Phillips, Treasurer. For lodge No. 59, John Waters, W. M.; Jas. Redman, S. W.; Henry Smith, J. W.; Dillard Daniels, Treasurer; T. M. Campbell, Sec'y.

—The ceremonies of installation were presided over by Mr. D. S. Webster.

—A festival was given, all the delicacies of the season lying on the well filled tables. A good time generally was enjoyed.

—Invalids should prevent their disease from gaining ground by using Brown's Iron Bitters. It stops decay, keeps the blood warm, and gives the emaciated form a new lease of life.

## Dare You.

Believing that they are the crack shots of this neck of the woods, the Sportsman's club, of this city, hereby challenge any club in Centre Missouri to shoot a match with them on the Fourth, at Sacher's Park, for \$100 a man or club, at ten birds. The teams may be composed of six or ten men, but each man must be a bona fide member of the club he shoots with. Who will take up the glove?

—The fairest faces are sometimes marred by myriads of pimples, and markings of tetter or freckles, which are readily removed by a popular toilet dressing, known as Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Care. Even scrofulous ulcers yield to it.

## Bitten by a Rattlesnake.

Wm. Dixon, who lives on Flat Creek, came into town this morning, and repaired to Dr. Small's office, and informed the doctor that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake. Dixon had already placed himself under the influence of liquor until he was very drunk. He was very voluble concerning the matter, and for fear some one would think that he had not been bitten by a bona fide rattlesnake, he offered to produce the snake. This was conclusive argument, and the doctor proceeded to treat him. The treatment was very simple. The front finger of his right hand had a slight abrasion on the tip. Dr. Ed. Small simply burned the end of the wounded finger with carbolic acid, and gave him some more whiskey.

Dr. Middleton, who is well known, accompanied the young man, and, saying rattl makes always went in pairs, that he would have to pass the spot where the biting was done, on his way home, he bought a bottle of good whiskey to take back with him, and use it in case of need. It was a wise precaution. The doctor is never caught napping.

## An Editor's Opinion.

An editorial friend of ours, who has grown enthusiastic over a certain great remedy which has cured him of dyspepsia, general debility and nervousness, writes an editorial as follows: "We believe that Brown's Iron Bitters are destined to be the medicine of the world. They give real health and strength to every part of the body, restore every lost or impaired organic function, and give new life and new vigor to every physical and mental faculty. Every man and woman in ill-health should rejoice that a real cure lies in Brown's Iron Bitters."

## SWEET SPRINGS.

## Summer Notes Selected and Sliced Into Salad for BAZOO Readers.

It seems but a few days since last season sent its pleasure-seekers in a throng to the quiet, yet beautiful retreat, known as Sweet Springs, and yet a whole year, with its multitudinous changes, has slipped its leash and gone floating out on the sea of eternity, never more to return. The place is very little changed, however, unless it be in the peculiar freshness of the foliage, which last year was burned by the intense heat and withered by the continued absence of rain. Surely nothing more beautiful can be imagined than the beautiful surroundings of the Springs at present. The grass is like a carpet of velvet, in which the pile holds the tint of the emerald sleeping in its heart; its perfume d songs with a melody which is entirely delightful, and the spring itself falls into the basin with the tinkling chime of silver bells.

## SIPPING.

—Some new cottages have been added to those already upon the hotel grounds, and several more are to be erected in the near future.

—The salt water baths will be a feature again this year, and those who participated in them in the past need not be told how really enjoyable they are.

—The manager of the cuisine understands the art of getting up a choice menu, and guests visiting the Springs will not complain in this respect.

—The band, which has been engaged for the summer, is an unusually fine one and the music it discourses cannot fail to please the most cultured ear.

—The gentleman who officiates at the office of the hotel, is polite and affable, has the patience of a woman, and will be able to answer ten thousand questions every day without reference to anybody outside of himself.

—Owing to the long continuance of cold weather, there are but few regular guests at the hotel at present, but a number of parties have written to secure rooms during the coming month, and it is thought the season, in point of visitors, will equal that of last year.

—The entertainment which was to have been given by Miss Minnie Russell, at Amusement hall, Friday evening, did not take place as announced, owing to the extreme heat which prevented the attendance which Miss Minnie's well-known ability and talent usually secures. With due regard for Miss Minnie's business manager, it may not be out of place to say that the time arranged for her entertainment was a poor one, not only because there had been a number of like entertainments held during the meeting of the State Teachers' association just held there, but the regular summer guests had not yet put in an appearance.

—Among the arrivals during the past few days may be mentioned: Rev. W. B. Paxton, J. B. Merwin, M. J. Michaels, C. A. Young, Jno. Ralston, Miss Minnie Russell, St. Louis; C. B. Reynolds, Clinton; M. J. Hawkins, Greenfield; John F. Lamean and wife, Lexington; F. B. Price and wife, Brownsville; J. E. Davis, Kansas City; J. L. England, Carrowood; Fulkerson, Kirksville; A. J. England, Malta Bend; G. W. Carpenter, Miami; E. D. Webb, Shawnee Mound; J. F. Miller, Aultville; Miss Lizzie Webb, H. F. Triplett, Lamotte; J. W. Tucker, Saline county; Miss Lizzie Silcott, Miss Laura Moffatt, Lamotte; J. W. Swarrington, Knobnoster, and a number of others.

—Mr. James B. Bailey, of Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Of all men born to suffer, I think I have had my share; from my fourteenth year I have been a miserable invalid. When twenty-six years of age, I felt I was sixty. My troubles made me unfit for business or pleasure. A year ago I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, and now in my twenty-seventh year I feel myself for once in my life, 'A perfect man.'"

## A Young Criminal.

Friday afternoon, Oliver York, a colored plasterer, was at work in a new house, on Second street. His vest, in the pocket of which was his silver watch was lying in another room, while he worked in another.

A few minutes before 6 o'clock he went to see what time it was, and found that his watch was gone.

He had seen a little nine-year old boy by the name of Tommie Range in the room some time before, and as there had been no one else in the room during the evening, he suspected Tom had taken the watch. He started down the street in search of the boy and saw him standing with his brother. As York went nearer he saw Tom hand something to his brother. York went to them and found that Tom's brother had the watch. He asked Tom where they got possession of the watch. Tom answered boldly:

"I found it."

"You found it in my vest pocket?"

"No, I didn't; I found it in the street."

York went to Justice Webster and had a warrant sworn out for the boy's arrest.

The case came up yesterday. Tom was advised to plead guilty; but he was too stubborn to do so.

He was found guilty of stealing the watch, and Justice Webster not wishing to be hard on the young thief, fined him \$1 and costs, altogether about \$2.75.

Tommie's parents, who live on West Fourth street, not having the money to discharge the fine, a stay was granted until 6 o'clock yesterday evening, to allow them time to procure the amount.

—For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shilo's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by all druggists.

## Bounced.

The board of directors of the Eagle Times met last night and summarily bounced one Kimball, who has been business manager of that paper. Judge Shirk was elected director in place of Wassel, removed from the state. The BAZOO supposes now that Kimball will retire to Georgetown and live with Cephas.

—Pinkerton, the Chicago detective, passed through town on yesterday afternoon, on his way to Kansas City. He was "spotting" some one, but it could not be learned whom.

## TO MY WIFE.

## Amidst the Sublimities of Nature, A Former Sedalian Composes Some Tender Verses.

The following communication has been handed the BAZOO for publication, and as it possesses both a literary and local interest, space is gladly given it:

EDITOR BAZOO:—The following verses, although written by one unknown to fame, as the world calls it, are worth preserving. They were not written for the press, but were the spontaneous outburst of a pure heart, as that heart was inspired and lifted up by its surroundings.

The author was once a resident of Sedalia; but, having met with very limited success in our midst, left wife and all to seek better fields and greener pastures in the far west.

Landing in the city of Denver, success seemed to have crowned his efforts in that he was immediately engaged. But on the first day, starting out with a Mexican pony and a spring wagon, the pony ran away, so injuring the spinal column as to confine our friend to his room for weeks. Of course, in a city like Denver, one must have money to live, and it so happened that our friend being not rich, and unable to assist himself, it was but a brief spell till his all was gone and he was left penniless, friendless, unemployed and what was worse than all, unable to work.

On one occasion, having gone to the mountains with a company of teamsters, the verses given below were penned as he describes as follows:

"I do wish you could have been with me on the mountains. Under any other circumstances there is nothing in the world I could enjoy more. They certainly are, by far, the grandest portion of this fair world—the most beautiful. The experience was all new to me and I relished it to a degree almost inconceivable. I witnessed one of the

## GRANDEST STORMS I EVER SAW.

One morning I set out alone to ascend a high mountain about three miles from camp. It was rugged and steep, and often I was fore to make a circuit to avoid the deep snow, which, in many places, was dangerous. Often I would come to places inaccessible, and then another journey around them. At about the hour of 1 o'clock p.m., I reached the summit, nearly 13,000 feet above the sea. Then I ate a lunch and rest.

From here I had the grandest view I ever saw, and I can now imagine how it was that Moses received so much from God on the mount.

UNDER SUCH INFLUENCES THE IMAGINATION

takes the widest scope, and I can now make the most reasonable allowance for all "the mistakes of Moses." The attraction was such that I lingered long, hesitating to depart.

Long after 2 p.m. I started to descend the mountain. Dark, heavy clouds set in around me, and before I had proceeded many hundred feet, the storm burst upon me with such wild fury that I was forced to seek a shelter, which I soon found beneath a huge, overhanging rock, and as the storm raged, I sat me down, and in my pocket book transcribed some lines, doubtless miserable, yet they were inspired by the situation. Of course there is only one person in all the world, and for whom these lines could be inscribed, and even there it was she I thought of first:

## TO MY WIFE.

As Fickle fortune I pursue  
O'er mount, in vale or darksome glade,  
My fond heart turns to thee, so true,  
And brighter seems my pathway made.

With thoughts of thee each varied scene  
I view where'er I chance to roam;  
Yet, sweetest thought of all, I ween,  
Is this, with thee alone is home.

The storm-king reigns, the driving blast  
Is dark'ning heaven's high azure dome,  
And seems to shake the mountains vast,  
Yet, still I think of thee and home.

I tread the mountains lone and drear,  
Where human footstep ne'er hath sped;  
Will e'er another follow here?

Whose fondst hopes like mine have fled?  
And wilt thou vanish, hope so fair,  
In darkness hide thee from my view?  
Turn brightest dreams to dark despair,  
Or, paint them still a brighter hue?

I view the scene, and pride departs;  
A gentle influence o'er me steals;  
Great nature's voice inspires my heart  
And much of mystery reveals.

A scene like this should more inspire  
Our minds to view each dread event;  
Though seeming fraught with evil dire  
As chastenings, our God hath sent.

Then let me ever hope, hope on,  
And ever keep this truth in view;  
Befall me evil as it may  
No heart than mine can be more true.

May heaven inspire in thy leaf heart  
Bright hope of happy hours to come,  
When we shall dwell no more apart  
And I from thee ne'er more shall roam.

W. C. Coups' Great Shows Surely Coming.

The W. C. Coups New United Monster Shows and Great World's Fair, to which has been added the great Paris Hippodrome, will visit Sedalia, Wednesday, July 12.

Now that Mr. Coups has added to his great show the attractions of the Paris Hippodrome, he has undoubtedly the largest traveling exhibition in the country, and he asserts that the expenses of the Hippodrome alone are larger than the entire expenses of any other show. This immense affair is the largest exhibition tent ever constructed. It requires 200 men and one or two steam engines to erect it. It has seventy-five center poles, and covers an area of eight acres. It seats over 10,000 persons. It has a race track forty feet wide and half a mile long, upon which races, steeplechases and fox hunts will be presented, with Roman chariot races, in which twenty beautiful young ladies will take part. He has also three full circus companies, who appear in four different rings. He has, besides, a large number of specialty artists, and gives a free balloon race every day, besides a splendid free street parade. Mr. Coups has the reputation of always keeping his promises, and therefore we may expect a genuine treat when his great show comes. A grand balloon race will be given free on the day of the exhibition.

## A LEAF FROM LIFE.

## Beginning in Sunshine it Ends in Clouds—Joy Turned to Sorrow; Sweets Into Gall.

One afternoon, last week, a BAZOO reporter had occasion to walk out on Ohio street to where it is intersected by the railroad track.

His mission was a prosaic one, with no hint that it would turn out a first-class item for the SUNDAY BAZOO.

But then the old saying, "you can't most always sometimes tell," is often verified by the experiences of a newspaper man. A thread of an incident, the merest shadow of an occurrence, the hint or the whisper of a scandal, often lead to such developments as prove most fruitful to the man of news, and intensely palatable to the public.

Under many a fair exterior there is a mass of corruption which, if revealed, would make all who saw it shudder at the knowledge of such degradation. So, too, a gay laugh, face beaming with content, and a mood light and merry, may often be the reverse of the heart's true and secret life.

Not everyone carries their grief in their faces. Poor Tom Hood was the most wretched of men, even while making the world laugh at his quaint and brilliant humor and wit.

Reporters often find that "things are not what they seem." The most profane and loudest mourner at a funeral may not have grief's sharp

## FANGS GNAWING AT HIS HEART.

There are those whose faces are the longest and most serious looking, in a religious meeting, but whose lives are a permanent rebuke to their pretensions. But this is only preliminary to the story the scribe here lays before the readers of the SUNDAY BAZOO. The thoughts were brought out by the story.

Standing near the railroad track, leaning against the fence, the reporter noticed a spare-built man, neatly dressed, his whole appearance indicating no trace of sorrow or gnawing grief.

"Good evening," said the reporter.

The salutation was pleasantly returned. The reporter made a few commonplace remarks, answers to which, when necessary, were politely, even socially, given by the stranger.

"Do you live in this city?" asked the gentleman.

The reporter replied affirmatively. Then there was a pause, and the latter turned to retrace his steps to the office.

"ARE YOU 'A BERRY?"

"Not particularly," answered the news gatherer.

"Well, it may seem strange to you to be asked to talk with me," said the gentleman, "but I want to talk with some one; I want to have somebody to whom I can freely speak, and you look like one who would not abuse a trust."

The reporter thanked the stranger for his voluntary and unsought confidence, at the same time mentally wondering what there was in store for him to hear, what trust he was to receive.

"Sit down, please."

The request was complied with, and the two, strangers to each other, sat together on the edge of the sidewalk.

## THERE WAS A TREMOR

perceptible in the unknown man's manner, and a tear glistened in his eye.

"I am a stranger in this city," he said, "and a wanderer on the face of the earth."

So singularly frank was his manner, so plain was the emotion of his heart, so sad his voice, that the reporter sat in silent amazement.

"Am I troubling you?"

"No, not at all; but do not let me draw you out into telling anything that is sacred and secret."

"Thank you; but if you'll kindly listen, I will tell something which presses upon my heart like lead and gives me no rest, day or night."

## AN UNTOLD AGONY

is mine. I must speak, or my brain will totter into ruin, my soul be crushed with a burden of sorrow I cannot longer bear."

The reporter sat silent, wondering what manner of man he was who so freely talked to a stranger. Was he crazy? The thought made the man of news uneasy.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, "but I will not detain you long. Over that track," pointing to the K. & T. road, "four years ago I rode, the

## HAPPIEST AND PROUDEST

man of all the world. With me there was one I called "wife," so fair, so gentle, so tender, so pure. God never fashioned a nobler woman. A sweet child was ours, a darling rose bud pledge of mutual affection. We were going to Texas, the land of promise, where, together, we would make a home and live in sweet content."

Tears were flowing down his cheeks by this time, and his voice trembled with deep emotion.

He spoke again: "I will not, I cannot, tell all of our struggles, joys, hopes, fears and trials in our new home. But one evening there

CAME TO OUR LITTLE VINE COVERED cottage a traveler, seeking entertainment for the night. We bade him welcome and shared with him our frugal store. After he had left, next morning, my wife went into the room he had occupied. Upon the little table she found a book he had forgotten. As he was far away on the road, the book was carefully laid aside to be restored to its owner, should he ever call for it.

But I must hurry. I noticed a change in my darling's manner, shortly after finding the book. One day I caught her reading it. She blushed, put it away and went about preparing the meal.

But a shadow had fallen on my hearthstone and day by day it grew longer and darker. The prattle of our child was the only music I heard; the sweet welcomes of the past were no longer mine as I returned from my toil. Ah, sir, I drank Marah's bitter waters, and for affectionate words and caresses received only cold and icy rebuffs.

One day, God pity me, I returned home—what mockery is in that word to me now—only to find it barren, desolate and blasted forever.

I felt, I know not how, I groped about as one in the dark. I called my darling's name, but there was no response. On the bare table was that book, opened. I looked at it and there I saw the startling words

of Carleton's wretched poem: "Gone with a handsomer man!"

With a crazy chuckle the man sprang to his feet, hissed a "ta ta" and walked rapidly away.